

FRANCIS & DAY'S

NO. 1

COMMUNITY SONG ALBUM

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

CONTAINING 32 COMPLETE SONGS

WITH FULL WORDS, MUSIC, TONIC SOL-FA AND UKULELE ARRANGEMENT

Contents :

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

I LOVE A LASSIE

ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'

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KILLIECRANKIE

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

KEEL ROW

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LOCH LOMOND

BAY OF BISCAY

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

CAMP TOWN RACES

MINSTREL BOY

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SHENANDOAH

HEARTS OF OAK

SO EARLY IN THE MORNING

I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AGAIN,

SWEET GENEVIEVE

KATHLEEN

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE

JOHN FEEL

KILLARNEY

PRICE

6 d.

FRANCIS, DAY & HUNTER, LTD.

141, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2

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"PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR OLD KIT-BAG."

Written by
GEORGE ASAFA

Composed by
FELIX POWELL.

Tune Ukulele.



Tempo d: marcia.

KEY G

1. Pri - vate Perks is a fun - ny lit - tle cod - ger With a smile
2. Pri - vate Perks went a march - ing in - to Flanders With his smile
3. Pri - vate Perks he came back from Bosch - e - shoot - ing With his smile

mf

— a fun - ny smile — Five - feet none he's an art - ful lit - tle
— his fun - ny smile — He was loved by the privates and com -
— his fun - ny smile — Round his home he then set a - bout re -

l.h.

dod - ger With a smile — a sun - ny smile — Flush or broke, he'll
man - ders For his smile — his sun - ny smile — When a throng of
eruit - ing With his smile — his sun - ny smile — He told all his

s.d.f. Bb.

D.4

have his lit - tle joke He can't be sup - pressed. — All the
Germans came a - long With a migh - ty swing, — Perks yelled
pals, the short, the tall. What a time he'd had; — And as

oth - er fel - lows have to grin When he gets this off his chest, *Hi!*
 out "This lit - tle bunch is mine! Keep your heads down, boys, and sing *Shout* *Hi!*
 each en - list - ed like a man, Pri - vate Perks said, "Now, my lad, *Hi!*

CHORUS 2nd time *f*

s₁ : s₁ . l₁ | s₁ f : m₁ f₁ | s₁ : m | m : r | d : - | l₁ : - | s₁ : - | - : - |

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit - bag, And smile, smile, smile.

well marked.

s₁ : s₁ . l₁ | s₁ f : m₁ f₁ | s₁ : m | d : - | r : l₁ | t₁ : d | r : - | - : - | d : - . r |

While you've a lu - ci - fer to light your fag, Smile, boys, that's the style. What's the

m : d | t₁ : d : r : - | m : f : r | m : d | r : - | s : - | s₁ : s₁ . l₁ | s₁ . f₁ : m₁ f₁ |

use of wor - ry - ing? — It nev - er was worth while, so Pack up your troubles in your

8 8 8 8 | 8 |

s₁ : s₁ | s₁ : f₁ | m : - | r : - | d : - | l₁ : - | s₁ : s₁ | s₁ : f₁ | m₁ f₁ |

old kit - bag And smile, smile, smile!" smile!"

2. *Fine.*

8 8 8 8 | 8 |

I LOVE A LASSIE.
Or, Ma Scotch Bluebell.

Written by
HARRY LAUDER and
GERALD GRAFTON.

Composed by
HARRY LAUDER.

Tune Ukulele

Allegro moderato.

G C E A

KEY
C. || m : f . s | m . r . d : . r | m . f : s . f | m . r . d : m . s | d' . d' : d' . d' |
1. I love a las-sie, a bon-nie Hie-lan' las-sie, If ye saw her you would
2. I love a las-sie, a bon-nie Hie-lan' las-sie, She can war-bie like a
3. I love a las-sie, a bon-nie Hie-lan' las-sie, I could sit and let her

p
|| t . l : s . l | r : f . s | l . l : l . l : f : r . f |
fan - cy her as well; I met her in Sep - tem - ber, popped the
black - bird in the dell. She's an an - gel ev - ery Sun - day, but a
tease me for a week; For the way she keeps be - hav - in', well, I

|| l . l : l . t | l . s : s . m | r . r : s . l | t . d' : l . t | s :
ques - tion in No - vem - ber, So I'll soon be hav - in' her a' to ma - sel'.
jol - ly lass on Mon - day; She's as mod - est as her name - sake, the blue - bell.
nev - er pay for shav - in', 'Cause she rubs ma whis - kers clean off with her' cheek.

|| : s | d' . d' : d' . d' | s : m . d | d' . d' : d' . d' | d . s : m . d |
Her fau - ther has con - sent - ed, so I'm feel - in' quite con - tent - ed 'Cause I've
She's nice, she's neat, she's ti - dy, and I meet her ev - 'ry Fri - day; That's a
And un - der -neath ma bon - net, where the hair was, there's none on it, For the

been and sealed the bar-gain wi' a kiss
spe-cial nicht you bet I nev-er miss
way she pats ma head has made me bald

I sit and wea-ry, wea-ry, when I
I'm en-chant-ed, I'm en-rap-tured, since ma
I ken she means no harm, for shell

think a-boot ma dear-y, An' you'll al-ways hear me sing-ing this:
heart the dar-lin' cap-tured, She's in-tox-i-ca-ted me with bliss.
keep me nice and warm On the frost-y nict'ssae ve-ry cauld.

CHORUS 2nd time, f

"I love a las-sie, a bon-nie, bon-nie las-sie, She's as pure as the li-ly in the
dell. She's as sweet as the heather, The bon-nie bloom-in' heather,

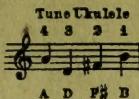
Ma-ry, ma Scotch Blue - bell."

Fine

D.G.

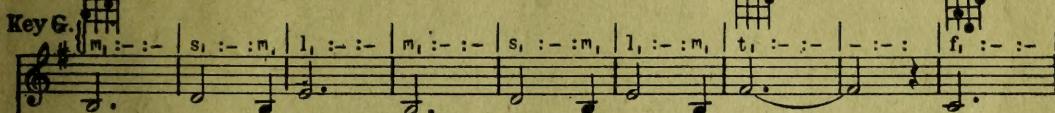
AFTER THE BALL.

Written and Composed by
CHAS. K. HARRIS.

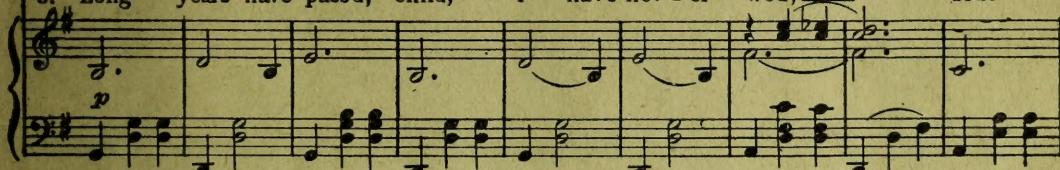


Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHER.

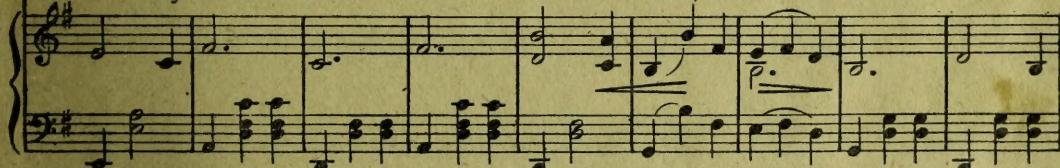
Tempo di Valse.



1. Once a young maid - en climb'd an old man's knee, — Begg'd
2. "Bright lights were gleam - ing in the grand ball - room — Soft -
3. "Long years have pass'd, child, I have nev - er wed, — True



for a sto - ry, "Do un - cle, please, — Why are you
ly the mus - ic play - ing sweet tunes — There came my
to my lost love tho' she is dead; — She tried to



sin - gles; why live a - lone? — Have you no ba -
sweet - heart, my love, my own, — 'I wish some wa -
tell me, tried to ex - plain, — I would not lis -

bies, have you no home?" — "I had a sweet - heart,
 ter, leave me a - lone?" — When I re - turn'd dear,
 ten plead - ings were vain One day a let - ter

years, years a - go; — Where is she now, pet, you
 there stood a man — Kiss - ing my sweet - heart, as
 came from that man, — He was her bro - ther, the

will soon know — List to my sto - ry I'll tell it
 lov - ers can, — Down fell the glass, pet, bro - ken, that's
 let - ter ran; — That's why I'm lone - ly, no home at

all — I believ'd her faith - less, Af - ter the Ball!"
 all — Just as my heart was Af - ter the Ball!"
 all; — I broke her heart, pet, Af - ter the Ball!"

CHORUS. 2nd time.

7

m : s : - m | a : - : l, | d : - : - | s, : - : m : s : - m | d : - : l, | t, : - : - |
 "Af-ter the ball is o - ver, af-ter the break of morn,
 f : l : - : - f m : - : r de : - : - r : m : - : r t, : - : a,
 Af-ter the danc - ers leav - ing, af-ter the stars are
 s : - : - m : s : - m d : - : l, d : - : - s, : - : l, de : - : m
 gone; Ma-ny a heart is ach - ing if you could
 read them all, Ma-ny the hopes that have van -
 ish'd, Af - - ter the Ball!" Ball"
 2. reit. Fine
 D.G.

JUST LIKE THE IVY, I'LL CLING TO YOU.

Written and
Composed byTune Ukulele.
4 3 2 1
A D F# BA. J. MILLS and
HARRY CASTLING.

Moderato.



KEY

G :d .r | m .s₁ :s₁ .l₁ d :d .r | m .s₁ :s₁ .l₁ d :d .r |

1. Gran-dad sat at e - ven-fall 'Neath the dear old gar-den wall, Where the

2. When the i - vy, years a - go" Said the maid - "be - gan to grow, Then that

p expressivo.

i - vy was cling-ing all a - round; — And a maid-en young and fair, With blue

old wall sup - port - ed it with pride; — Now the old wall's in de - cay, And is

()

eyes and gold - en hair, Was nest-ling there be - side him on the ground.

crum-bling fast a - way, The i - vy clings more tight-ly to its side.

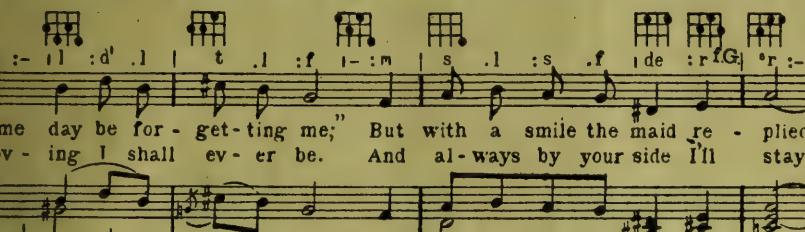


Dt.     

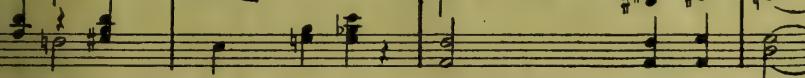
"Some day you'll be leav-ing me For a sweet-heart," the old man sighed—
Loving you have ev-er been, You have cared for me day by day;



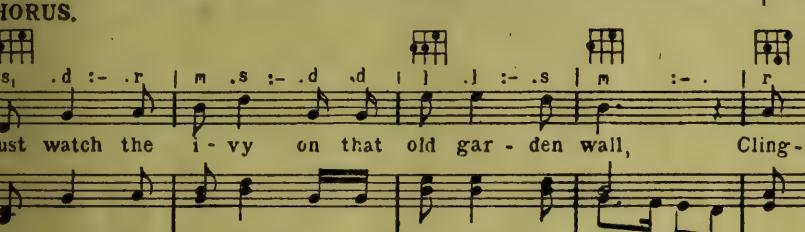
"Some day be for-get-ting me," But with a smile the maid re-plied:
Loving I shall ev-er be. And al-ways by your side I'll stay.



CHORUS.



"Just watch the ivy on that old gar-den wall, Cling-ing so

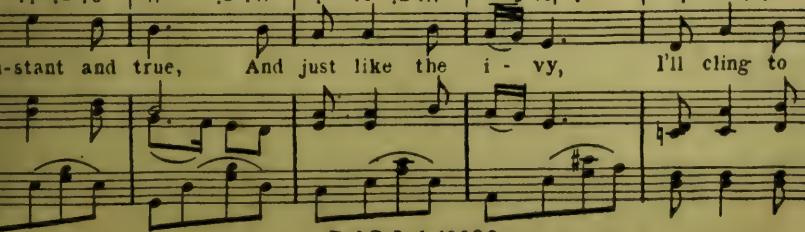


tight-ly, what-e'er may be-fall; As you grow old-er I'll be



con-stant and true, And just like the ivy, I'll cling to you."







KILLIECRANKIE.

Written and Composed by
HARRY LAUDER

Allegro



♩ Lento

Key F.

1 Oh, years a - go I used to be as
2 Oh, one day I was "cut - ting it fat," and
3 Oh, may be I was act - ing rash,
4 Oh, I was kilt ed to the knee,



♩

smart a chap as you would see, The Prince of Wales he
as she pass'd I rais'd my hat, And as her lit - tie
when I tried her waist to squash, She said, "Al - though you're
"Jock, my dear," she said to me, "Well sit down two



want - ed me to go and join the ar - my.
nose was flat I hand - ed her my "han - key;"
on the mash, — stop yer han - key - pan - key."
hours or three:"said I, "My dar - ling, thank ye."

She
But

Now I'm turn - ing old and frail, — like a dog with - out a tail,
 "Jane," said I "you're look - ing smart, — could you mas - ti - cate a tart?" She
 said that mar - ried we would be, — then she heav'd a sigh, you see,
 ve - ry soon I chang'd my tune, For on a this - tle I sat doon And I

And it's all through Jane Mc Phail the lass o' Kil - lie - cran - kie.
 smiled a smole near broke my heart the lass o' Kil - lie - cran - kie.
 Then she heaved a brick at me, on the hills o' Kil - lie - cran - kie.
 near - ly jumped up to the moon on the hills o' Kil - lie - cran - kie.

CHORUS 2nd time off

Too - ral - oo - ral - oo - ral - oo, fal - the - dud - dle - al - the - dud - dle - dy,

She's as sweet as hon - ey - dew The lass o' Kil - lie - cran - kie.

Fine

D.C.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE.

Written and Composed by
CHARLES GRAHAM.

Tempo di Valse.

Two Chords
A D E[#] B

KEY G.

1 An old man gazed on a photo - graph, In the lock - et he'd worn for
2 "That picture is one of those girls", he said, "And to me she once was a

years; — His neph - ew then asked him the rea - son why That pic - ture had
wife, — I thought her un - faith - ful, we quar - reled, lad, And part - ed that

cost him tears. — "Come, lis - ten", he said "I will tell you, my
night for life, — My fan cy of jea lou - sy wronged , a

lad, A sto - ry that's strange but true; — Your Fa - ther and
heart, A heart that was good and true, — For two bet - ter

I, at the school one day, Met two lit-tle girls in blue".
girls nev-er lived than they, Those two lit-tle girls in blue".

CHORUS 2nd time ff

Two lit-tle girls in blue, lad, two lit-tle girls in blue,

They were sis-ters, we were brothers, and learned to love the two;

And

one lit-tle girl in blue, lad, who won your Fa-ther's heart,

Be-came your

Moth-er I mar-ried the oth-er, but now we have drift-ed a part — part.

ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'

Written and Composed by



HARRY LAUDER.

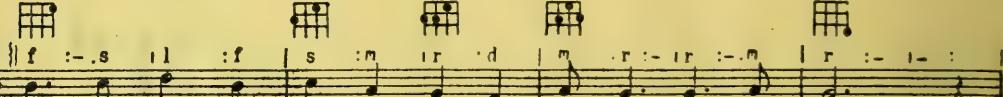
Moderato.



KEY



1. I've seen lots o' bon-nie las-sies trav-lin' far and wide,
 2. One nicht in the gloam-in' we were trip-pin' side by side,
 3. Last nicht ef-ter stroll-in' we got hame at half-past nine.



But my heart is cen-tred noo on bon-nie Kate Mc-Bride.
 kissed her twice, and asked her once if she would be my bride.
 Sit-tin' at the kitch-en fire I asked her to be mine.



And al-though I'm no a chap that throws a word a-way,
 She was shy, so was I we were baith the same, But
 When she prom-ised, I got up and danced the Hie-lan' fling, I've

C.t.

f.F.

I'm sur-prised my sel-some-times at a' I've got to say,
 I got brave and brav-er on the jour-ney com-in' hame,
 just been at the jewl-ler's and I've picked a nice wee ring.†

* Spoken: Wait till I show you this nice wee ring! (searching pockets) Surely I haven't lost it! Now here it is. Man, when I think on sittin' at the fire last night, an listenin' to the kettle singin'. Chorus

CHORUS 2nd time ff

Roam-in' in the gloam-in' on the bon-nie banks o' Clyde.

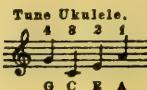
Roam-in' in the gloam-in' wae my las-sie by my side. When the

sun has gone to rest, That's the time that we love best.

O, it's love-ly roam-in' in the gloam-in' in' in'

TERRY, MY BLUE-EYED IRISH BOY.

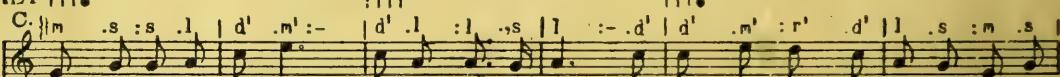
Written and Composed by



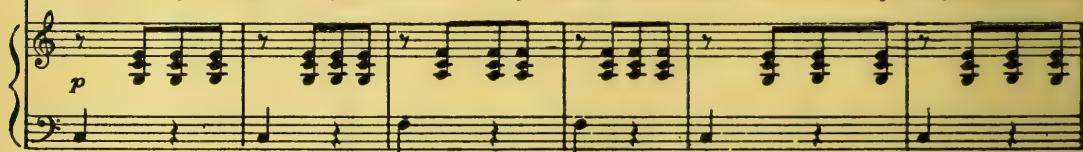
W. J. SCANLAN.

Moderato.

KEY



1. There's my mother dar-ling, she whom I love so— My pray'rs and thoughts are with you, dear, no
 2. Oft - en by the fire-side, seat-ed on your knee, You'd fold me close - ly to your breast and



mat-ter where I go; I'll pray for you, dear mother, be it on land or sea, And when
 sing your songs to me; With boy-ish love I'd lis-ten and look in - to your eyes, So



er'e I think of Erin's Isle I'm sure to think of thee. What care I for trou-ble? The
 full of deep af - fec - tion, and blu - er than the skies. Though you've gone and left us, we



world is round and wide The thrush, the lark, the cuc-kuo, ev-er near,
mourn for ev-er-more Your ab-sence from our lit-tle Isle of green;

Sing-ing out their prais-es in mem-o-ry of thee, The songs we all so dear-ly love to
Dear to us your mem-ry will fond-er grow each day, Though, moth-er, you'll be ab-sent and un-

CHORUS.

hear _____ Then, Ter-ry, Ter-ry, do not weep or sigh,—
seen _____ Then,

Lay your head up-on my breast, my blue-eyed I-rish boy; Ter-ry, Ter-ry,

do not weep or sigh,— Lay your head up-on my breast, my blue-eyed I-rish boy.

18 Tune Ukulele.
4 3 2 1
E C B A

COME BACK TO ERIN.

Written and Composed by
CLARIBEL.

Moderato.

8va

KEY

C : s : d' , t id' : fe , s t : l : n : s | m : f , s : l : ..se

1. Come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back, A - roon, to the
2. O - ver the green sea, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Long shone the white sail that
3. O! may the An - gels a - wa - kin' and sleep - in' Watch o'er my bird in the

p

ll : r' , d' it : s : d' , t id' : fe , s t : l : f , ll : s
land of thy birth, — Come with the sham-rocks and spring-time, Ma-vour-neen,
bore thea a - way — Ri - ding the white waves that fair sum-mer morn-in',
land far a - way — And it's my pray'rs will con - sign to their keep- in'

colla
voce.

And it's Killar - ney shall ring with' our mirth.
Just like a May - flow'r a - float on the bay.
Care o' my jew - el by night and by day.

Sure, when we lent ye to beau - ti - ful Eng - land,
Ol but my heart sunk when clouds came be - tween us,
When by the fire - side I watch the bright em - bers,

lit - tle we thought of the lone win - ter days,
 Like a grey cur - tain the rain fall - ing down,
 Then all my heart flies to Eng - land and thee,

 bush of the star - shine O - ver the moun - tain, the buffs and the bays!
 path o'er the o - cean. Far, far a - way where my col - leen had flown. Then
 dar - lin' re-mem - bers, Or if her thoughts may be cross - in' to me.

Animato.
 Is : d' ., t id' : fe ., s | t : l ., fil : s | m : f ., sil : l ., se | l : r' ., d' | it : s |
 come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back again to the land of thy birth.

mf
 Is : d' ., t id' : fe ., s | t : l ., fil : s | m : s : d' ., m' | it : r' ., r' |
 Come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen, And it's Kil - lac - ney shall

cresc.
 ring with our mirth.

molto cresc
 gra

8va

f
mf
D.O.

F. & D. Ltd. 19026

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Tune Ukulele

Words and Music by
HENRY C. WORK.

In march time.



Key Bb. m., r : d . r | m . s, : s, . s | l . d : d . r | d : - |



1. Bring the good old buble, boys, we'll sing an - oth - er song,
2. How the dark - ies shout - ed when they heard the joy - ful sound;
3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears,
4. "Sher - man's dash - ing Yank - ee boys will nev - er reach the coast;"
5. So we made a thor - ough - fare for Free - dom and her train,



m., ., f, : s, . s, l . s, : l, . d | r *oresc.* : d : r . m | r : - |

Sing it with a spir - it that will start the world a - long,
How the turk - eys gob - bled which our com - mis - sa - ry found;
When they saw the hon - oured flag they had not seen for years;
So the sauc - y reb - eis said, and 'twas a hand - some boast;
Six - ty miles in lat - i - tude, three hun - dred to the main;



Sing it as we used to sing it, fif - ty thou - sand strong,
 How the sweet po - ta - toes ev - en start - ed from the ground,
 Hard - ly could they be re - strained from break - ing forth in cheers,
 Had they not for - got, a - las, to reck - on with the host,
 Tre - son fled be - fore us, for re - sist - ance was in vain,

OPEN CHORUS.

While we were marching thro' Geor - gia. Hur - rah, hur - rah, we bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur

rah, hur - rah, the flag that makes you free! So we sang the chor - us from At

lan - ta to the sea, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gi - a.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.



Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHER.

Andante.

mf

rit. e dim.

Fine

Key D. { m : - | r . d : m . r | d : d' | l . d' : - | s : - | m : - d |

1. Way down up-on the Swan-nee riv-er, Far, far a
 2. All round the lit-tle farm I wan-dered When I was
 3. One lit-tle hut a-mong the bush-es, One that I

p

way,
young;
love,

There's where my heart is turn ing ev-er,
 Then man-y hap-py days I squandered,
 Still sad-ly on my mem-ry rush-es,

There's where the old folks stay.
 Man - y the songs I sung.
 No mat-ter where I rove.

All up and down the old cre-a-tion
 When I was play-ing with my broth-er
 When will I see the bees a-hum-ming,

Sad - ly I roam, Still look-ing for the
 Hap - py was I. Oh! take me to my
 All round the comb? When will I hear the

old plan - ta - tion, And for the old folks at home
 kind old moth - er, There let me live and die!
 ban - jo tum - ming, Down in my good old home?

CHORUS.

All the world is sad and drear - y, Ev - 'ry - where I roam.

Oh! dark - ies, how my heart grows wear - y, Far from the old folks at home.

THE KEEL ROW.



Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHER

Brightly.

Key Bb.

1. Oh, who is like my John - mie, Sae leish, sae blythe, sae
 2. He has na mair o' learn - ing, Than tells his week - ly
 3. He wears a blue bon - net, Blue bon - net, blue

bon - nie! He's fore - most 'mang the mo - ny Keel
 earn - ing; Yet right frae wrang dis - cern - ing, Though
 bon - net, He wears a blue bon - net, A

lads o' coal - y Tyne. Hell set or row sae
 brave, nae bruis - er he. Though he no worth a
 dim ple's in his chin: And weel may the

P

Sheet music for 'The Keel Row' featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in soprano clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words in italics. Chords are indicated above the notes.

tight
plack
keel
row, The
ty. Or in the
ain coat on
keel
sae spright - ly,
his back - is,
the keel - row,
the keel - row, He'll
row, And
row, And

cut and shuf - fie sight - ly, 'Tis true, were he not mine.
nane can say that black is The white o' John - nie's e'e.
weel - may the keel row. That my - lad's - in.

CHORUS.

Sheet music for the chorus of 'The Keel Row' featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in soprano clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words in italics. Chords are indicated above the notes.

Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel - row,
Weel may the keel row, That my - lad's - in.

SWEET GENEVIÈVE.

Written by
GEORGE COOPER.

Composed by
HENRY TUCKER.

Tune Ukulele
4 3 2 1
Bb Eb G C

Andante moderato.



$\frac{8}{8}$



1. O, Gen - e - viève, I'd give the world To live a - gain the love - ly past! The
2. Fair Gen - e - viève, My ear - ly love, The years but make thee dear - er far; My



rose of youth was dew - im - pearl'd But now it with - ers in the blast I
heart shall nev - er, nev - er rove: Thou art my on - ly guid - ing star. For



see thy face in ev -'ry dream, My wak-ing thoughts are full of thee; Thy
me the past has no re -gret What-ever the years may bring to me; I

glance is in the star -ry beam That falls a - long the sum -mer sea -
bless the hour when first we met The hour that gave me love and thee!

colla voce

CHORUS.

O, Gen - e-viève, sweet Gen - e-viève, The days may come, the days may go, But

still the hands of mem -ry weave The bliss - ful dreams of long a - go.

colla voce

D.C.

I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AGAIN, KATHLEEN.

Written and Composed by
THOMAS P. WESTENDORP

Andante con espressione.

Key F { :s, m : - . m | f . r : l . fe | s : -) : . m | m : - . r | de . r : m , r |

I. I'll take you home a - gain,Kath - leen, A - cross the o - cean wild and
 2. I know you love me,Kath - leen dear, Your heart was ev - er fond and
 3. To that dear home be - yond the sea My Kath - leen shall a - gain re -

{ d : - | - : . s, m : - . m | f . r : l . fe | s : -) : . m |

wide, To where your heart has ev - er been, Since
 true, I al - ways feel when you are near That
 turn, And when thy old friends wel - come thee, Thy

{ s : - . d' | r' . t : l . s | d' : - | - : f. E's | l : - . s | f . m : f . fe |

first you were my bon - ny bride. The ro - ses all have left your
 life holds no - thing dear but you. The smiles that once you gave to
 lov - ing heart will cease to yearn. Where laughs the lit - tle sil - ver

cheek, I've watched them fade a-way and die; Your
 me, I scarce - ly ev - er see them now, Thought
 stream, Be - side your moth-er's hum - ble cot, And

p

voice is sad when-e'er you speak, And tears be-dim your lov-ing eyes.
 ma - ny, ma - ny times I see A dark - ning sha-dow on your brow.
 bright - est rays of sun-shinegleam, There all yourgrief will be for-got.

CHORUS.

Oh! I will take you back, Kath-leen, To where your heart will feel no pain, And

when the fields are fresh and green, I'll take you to your home a - gain! —

D.C.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHERTune Ukulele
4 3 2 1
Bb E C

Andante moderato.

KEY Bb. ||

.s. : s. .d. | d : t. .d. : f. .r. | d : t. .d. |

1. Of all the girls— that are so smart, There's
2. Of all the days— that's in the week, I
3. My master and— the neighbours all— Make

mf

Fine. p

none like pret-ty Sal-ly; She is the dar-ling of my heart, And lives in our
dear-ly love but one day, And that's the day that comes be-tween A Sat-ur-day and
game of me and Sal-ly; And but for her I'd bet-ter be— A slave and row aal-ley. There is no la-dy in the land That's half so sweet as— Sal-ly; She is the
Mon-day; For then I'm drest all in my best, To walk a-broad with Sal-ly; She is the
gal-ley. But when my seven long years are out Oh then I'll mar-ry— Sal-ly; She is thedar-ling of my heart— And she lives in our al-ley—
dar-ling of my heart— And she lives in our al-ley—
dar-ling of my heart— And she lives in our al-ley—

SO EARLY IN DE MORNING.

31

Tune Ukulele

4 3 2 1
E B G CArranged by
HENRY E. PETHER.

Fine.

Key E♭

1. South Car - o - lin - a's a sul - try clime, We
 2. When I was young I used to wait, On
 3. Now mas - sas' dead an' gone to rest, Of

worked down there in Sum - mer time, Mas - sa 'neath de
 mas - sas ta - ble, lay de plate. Pass de bot - tle
 all de mas - sas he was best. I neb - ber see de like since

shade would lay, While we poor nig - gers toiled all day.
 when him dry, Brush a - way 'de blue - tailed fly.
 I was born, Miss him now he's dead and gone.

CHORUS.

So_ ear - ly in de morn - ing, So_ ear - ly in de morn - ing, So_ ear - ly in de morn - ing, Be - fore de break of day.

D.C.

CAMPTOWN RACES.

Tune Ukulele
4 8 3 1
E_b E_b G C

Words and Music by
STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Allegro moderato.

Key E_b.

1. De Camp-town la - dies sing dis song,
2. De long-tail fil - ly and de big black hoss,
3. Old mule - y cow came on de track,
4. See dem fly - in' on a ten-mile heat,

Doo-dah! Doo-dah! De Camp-town race-track five miles long, Doo-dah! doo-dah
 Doo-dah! Doo-dah! Dey fly de track and dey both cut a-cross, Doo-dah! doo-dah
 Doo-dah! Doo-dah! De bob-tail fling her ob - er his back, Doo-dah! doo-dah
 Doo-dah! Doo-dah! Round de race-track, den re - peat, Doo-dah! doo-dah

Solo *mf*

Chorus *mf*

day! I came down dah wid my hat caved in, Doo-dah! Doo-dah! I
 day! De blind hoss stick-in' in a big mud hole, Doo-dah! Doo-dah! Can't
 day! Den fly a-long like a rail-road car, Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
 day! I win my mon-ey on de bob-tail nag, Doo-dah! Doo-dah! Doo-dah! I

mf *f* *mf*

go back home wid a pock-et full of tin, Doo-dah! doo-dah day!
 touch de bot-tom wid a ten-foot pole, Doo-dah! doo-dah day!
 Run-nin' a race wid a shoot-in' star, Doo-dah! doo-dah day!
 keep my mon-ey in an old tow bag, Doo-dah! doo-dah day!

CHORUS.

f

Gwine to run all night! Gwine to run all day! I'll

f

bet my mon-ey on de bob-tail nag, Some-bod-y bet on de bay.

Fine.

D.C.

KILLARNEY.

Written by
E. FALCONER

Tune Ukulele.
4 3 2 1
Bb Bb G C

Composed by
M. W. BALFE.

Moderato.



KEY

E^b. || s : - , m ir : d l s, | d : d id : - | s : - , f im : g m cs |

1. By Killarney's lakes and fells, Em 'rauld Isles and—
2. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and—



wind-ing bays, Moun-tain paths and wood land dells,
va-ried tints Ev-'ry rock that you pass by



Mem-ry ev-er fond-ly strays.
Ver-dure broi-ders or besprints.

Boun-teous na-ture
Vir-gin there the



loves all lands, Beau - ty wan - ders ev - ry - where, Foot - prints leaves on
 green grass grows, Ev - 'ry morn Spring's na - tal - day; Bright hued ber - ries
 ma - ny strands, But her home is sure - ly there!
 daff the snows, Smil - ing Win - ter's frown a - way.

colla voce.

An - gels fold their wings and rest In that E - den
 An - gels oft - en paus - ing there Doubt if E - den

of - the west; Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Heav'n's re - flex, Kil - lar - ney.
 were more fair; Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Heav'n's re - flex, Kil - lar - ney.

cresc.

LOCH LOMOND.

Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHER.

Andante moderato.

Key F.



1. By yon bon - nie banks and by
2. 'Twas there that we part - ed in
3. The wee bird - ies sing, and the

yon bon - nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond, Where
yon shad y glen, On the steep,steep side o' Ben Lo - mond, Where
wild flow ers spring, An' in sun - shine the wa - ters are sleep - in', But the

I and my true love were ev - er wont to gae, On the bonnie,bonnie banks of Loch Lo - mond.
pur - ple - hue the Hieland hills we view, An the moon com - in' out in the gloam - ing.
brok - en - heart it kens nae second spring,Tho' the wae - fu'may cease frae thei'greet - in'.

CHORUS.

:s, | d :d ,r | m :m ,r | d :d ,l, | s, :s, .s, | d :d .d | d :m .s | l : - s : .s |

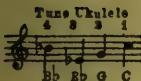
O, you'll tak the high road, an I'll tak' the low road, An I'll be in Scot - land a - fore ye; But

mf

:l : - s | m :m .s | f m :r .d | l, | s, .s, | d ,d :m ,s - | :s .m | r : - d |

I and my true love will nev - er meet a - gain On the bon - nie,bon - nie banks o' Loch Lo - mond

THE MINSTREL BOY.



Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHER.

Moderato.

KEY E. :s, | d :r if m:r d | m :s | d | t | d |

1. The Min-strel boy to the war is gone, In the
2. The Min-strel fell, but the foe-man's chain Could not

ranks of death you'll find him; His fa-ther's sword he has gird-ed on, And his
bring his proud soul un-der; The harp he loved ne'er spoke a-gain, For he

wild harp slung be-hind him, "Land of song" said the war-rior bard, "Tho' all the world be-
tore its chords a-sun-der, And said, "No chain shall sul-ly thee, Thou soul of love and

trays-thee, One sword at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith-ful heart shall praise—thee!"
brav-er-y! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They ne'er shall sound in slav-er-y!"

Fine.

D.C.



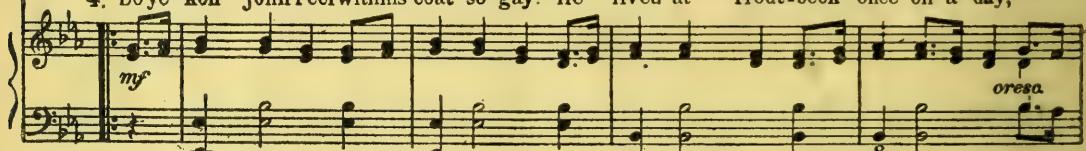
JOHN PEEL.

In march time.



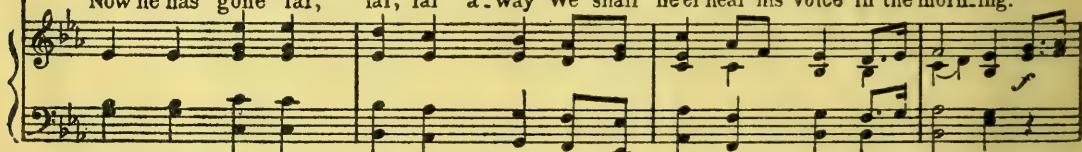
Key Eb. { $\begin{array}{l} \text{m.} \\ \text{f} \end{array}$ } $\begin{array}{l} \text{s.} \\ \text{m.} \end{array}$: $\begin{array}{l} \text{m.} \\ \text{f} \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{l} \text{s.} \\ \text{s.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{m.} \\ \text{r.} \end{array}$, $\begin{array}{l} \text{f.} \\ \text{f.} \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{l} \text{f.} \\ \text{f.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{m.} \\ \text{r.} \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{l} \text{f.} \\ \text{f.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{m.} \\ \text{r.} \end{array}$ | f. f. m. r. *oresc.*

1. Do ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay, Do ye ken John Peel at the break of the day, Do ye
 2. Yes, I ken John Peel and Ru - by too, Ran-ter and Ring-wood, Bell-man and True, From a
 3. Then hereto John Peel from my heart and soul, Let's drink to his health, let's fin - ish the bowl, We'll
 4. Doye ken John Peel with his coat so gay? He lived at Trout-beck once on a day,



$\begin{array}{l} \text{d.} \\ \text{d.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{t.} \\ \text{t.} \end{array}$: $\begin{array}{l} \text{1.} \\ \text{1.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{s.} \\ \text{f.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{f.} \\ \text{f.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{r.} \\ \text{r.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{d.} \\ \text{d.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{t.} \\ \text{t.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{r.} \\ \text{r.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{d.} \\ \text{d.} \end{array}$ m. *CHORUS*

ken John Peel when he's far, far a-way, With his hounds and his horn in the morn-ing?
 find to a check from a check to a view, From a view to a death in the morn-ing.
 follow John Peel through fair and thro' foul, If we want a good hunt in the morn-ing.
 Now he has gone far, far, far a-way We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morn-ing.



$\begin{array}{l} \text{s.} \\ \text{s.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{s.} \\ \text{f.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{f.} \\ \text{m.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{s.} \\ \text{s.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{f.} \\ \text{m.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{f.} \\ \text{f.} \end{array}$

sound of his horn brought me from my bed, And the cry of his hounds which he oft-times led;



$\begin{array}{l} \text{d.} \\ \text{d.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{d.} \\ \text{d.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{d.} \\ \text{d.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{t.} \\ \text{t.} \end{array}$: $\begin{array}{l} \text{1.} \\ \text{1.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{s.} \\ \text{f.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{f.} \\ \text{f.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{r.} \\ \text{r.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{d.} \\ \text{d.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{t.} \\ \text{t.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{r.} \\ \text{r.} \end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l} \text{d.} \\ \text{d.} \end{array}$

Peel's tal - ly - ho would a - wak - en the dead, Or the fox from his lair in the morn - ing

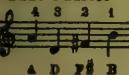


HEARTS OF OAK.

39

Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHER.

Tune Ukulele



With a swing.

Key A.



1. Come, cheer up, my lads! 'tis to glor-y we steer, To
 2. We ne'er see our foes but we wish em to stay, They
 3. They swear they'll invade us, the seter-ri-ble foes, They

add something more to this won-der ful year; To hon - our we call you, not
 nev - er see us but they wish us a - way; If they run, why, we fol - low, and
 fright-en our wom-en, our chil-dren and beaux; But should their flat bot - toms in

press you like slaves; For who are so free as the sons of the waves?
 run 'em a - shore, For if they won't fight us, we can - not do more.
 dark-ness get o'er, Still Brit - ons they'll find to re - ceive them on shore.

CHORUS.

Heart of Oak are our ships, Heart of Oak are our men; We al - ways are ready;

steady, boys, steady; We'll fight and we'll con - quer a - gain and a - gain.

THE BAY OF BISCAY

Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHERTune Ukelele
F C Bb E Bb G C

KEY
Ab. s1 | s. d : d . m | d : l, t1, d | r . m : r . d . t1, l, | s1 : . m, f1 |

1. Loud roars the dread-ful thun-der, The rain a de-luge show'rs; The
 2. Now dashed up on the bil-low, Our op-ning tim-bers creak, Each
 3. Her yield-ing tim-bers sev-er, Her pitch-y seams are rent; When



|| s1 . d : d . m | d : l, t1, d | r . m : r . d . t1, l, | s1 : . d, t1 |
 clouds are rent a sun-der By light-ning's viv-id pow'rs. The
 fears a wa-try pil-low, None stop the dread-ful leak. To
 Heav'n all boun-teous ev-er, Its bound-less mer-cy-sent. A



|| l, . s1 : f1, m1, n1 : l1, r . m : f, m, r, d | d : f1 : s1 : l1, t1 |
 night both drear and dark, Our poor de-vo-ted bark Till next
 cling to slip-p'ry shrouds Each breath-less sea-man crowds. As she
 sail in sight ap-pears, We hail her with three cheers Now we-



|| d : l, t1, d | r : d, r, m, f | s, f, m, f : m : r | d ||
 day there she-lay In-the-Bay-of-Bis-cay, O.
 lay till the-day In-the-Bay-of-Bis-cay, O.
 sail with the-gale From-the-Bay-of-Bis-cay, O.



GOOD NIGHT, LADIES!

Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHER.

Moderately quick.

Key Bb.  smoothly | m :- | d :- | s, . d :- | - : | m :- | d :- |

(Men) 1. Good-night, lad-ies! — Good-night,
 (Women) 2. Fare-well lad-dies! — Fare-well
 (Men) 3. Sweet dreams, lad-ies! — Sweet dreams,

lad-ies! — Good-night lad-ies! — We're goin' to leave you now.
 lad-ies! — Fare-well lad-dies! — You're goin' to leave us now.
 lad-ies! — Sweet dreams, lad-ies! — We're goin' to leave you now.

CHORUS.

Brightly.

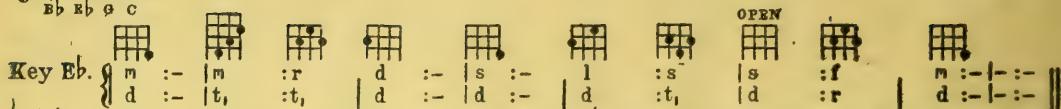
Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, Roll a - long, Roll a - long,

Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea.

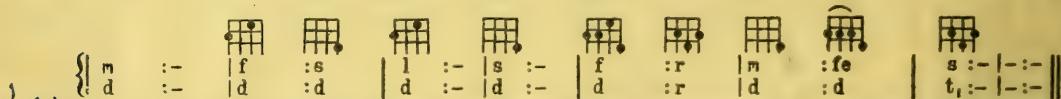
"ABIDE WITH ME."

W. H. MONK.

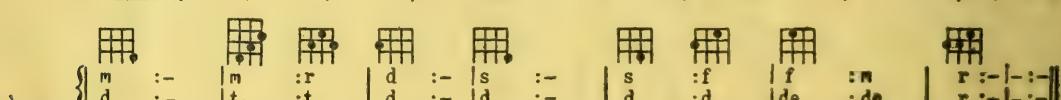
Tune Ukulele
4 8 2 1
Bb Eb G C



1. A - bide with me! fast falls the ev - en tide;
 2. I need Thy pres ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour;
 3. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;



The dark - ness deep - ens, Lord, with me a - bide!
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r?
 Iils have no weight, and tears no bit - ter ness;

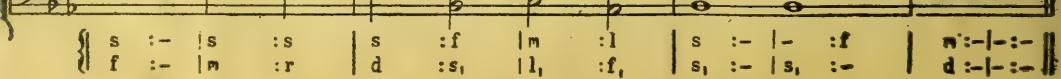


When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
 Who like Thy self my guide and stay can be?
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - tor y?



D.C.

Help of the help - less, O a - bide with mel
 Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with mel
 I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with mel





"O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST"

43

W. CROFT

Key C. {s | m :i | s :d' | d' :t | d' | s | d' :s | l :fe | s : - | - |

{d | d :d | d :m | r :r | m | m :m | m :r | r : - | - |

1. Oh God, our help in a - ges past,

2. Be -neath the shad -ow of the throne

3. Time, like an ev - er roll-ing stream,

4. O God our help in a - ges past,

Our hope for years to

Thy saints have dwelt se -

Bears all its sons a -

Our hope for years to

come, cure;

way;

come,

come, -

come, -

come, -

come, -

Our shel -ter from the storm-y blast,

Suf -fi -cient is thine arm a - lone,

They fly for -got -ten, as a dream

Be -thou our guard while trou-bles last,

And our e - ter - nal home.

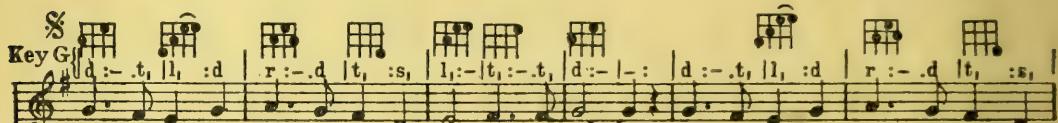
And our de -fence is sure.

And Dies at the op -'ning day.

And our e - ter - nal home!

come, -

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

Words by
REG LOW.Tune Ukulele
4 3 3 1
A D F# BArranged by
HENRY E. PETHER.

1. Dark-ness with it's man-tle hides us, All thro' the night. Till we find one star that guides us,

2. Fears and trou-bles oft as-sail us, All thro' the night. Shine, O Star, and do not fail us,



All thro' the night.— Star of Hope for ev-er peep-ing Whilst the world is

All thro' the night.— Though our foot-steps may be wea-ry And our road seems



hushed and sleep-ing And the hours are slow-ly creep-ing All through the night.—

long and drea-ry, Hope e-ter-nal keeps us cheer-y All through the night.—



THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

45

Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHER.

Tune Ukulele
4 3 2 1
Bb Bb G C

KEY E♭ : 1 : d d d d d d d d d d |

8% quasi recit.

1. I'll sing to you a good old song, 'Twas
2. His Hall so old, was hung a-bout With
3. His cus-tom was, when Christmas came, To
4. But time, tho'sweet, is strong in flight, And

marcato.

mf

r. d. d. t. , d ir. s, s, r . r : r . r ir . r : r . r m. r : d . r im : m , m

made by a good old pate, Of a fine old Eng-lish Gen-tle-man Who had an old es-tate; And who
pikes and guns and bows, And sword and good old buck-lers Which had stood a-gainst old foes; 'Twas
bid his friends re-pair To his old hall where feast and ball For them he did pre-pare; And
years roll swift-ly by; And Au-tumn's fall-ing leaves proclaim'd This good old man must die. He

kept up his old man-sion At a boun-ti-ful old rate, With a good old port-er to re-lieve The
there "His Wor-ship" sat in state In doubl-let and trunk hose, And quaff'd his cup of good old sack, To
tho' the rich he en-ter-tain'd, He ne'er for-got the poor; Nor were there an-y des-ti-tute E'er
laid him down right tran-quil-ly Gave up life's lat-est sigh, A mourn-ful si-lence reign'd a-round, And

old poor at his gate. Like a fine old Eng-lish Gen-tle-man, One of the old-en time.
warm his good old nose, Like a fine old Eng-lish Gen-tle-man, One of the old-en time.
driv-en from the door Of this good old Eng-lish Gen-tle-man, One of the old-en time.
tears be-dew'd each eye For this fine old Eng-lish Gen-tle-man, One of the old-en time.

Fine.

D.C.

RIO GRANDE.

Tune Ukulele
4 8 2 1
Bb Bb G C

New Version by J.A.
Arranged by HENRY E. PETHER.

With a swing.

Key Eb.

mf :s | d:-r :d | s:-m | r :m :r | d:-m | s:-:-l:-m |

CHORUS

1. A ship went a-sail-ing out of the West. A-way Ri-
2. Now where are you goin' to my pret-ty maid? A-way Ri-

SOLO

CHORUS

1 :s:-l:-m :f :s | l:-t :l | s:-d | f :r :s | m:-s :d | m:-r :d | r :s:-
With all of the friends we love the best. All bound for the Rio

0, Oh, where are you goin' to my pret-ty maid? I'm bound for the Rio

d :---l :---d | m :---l :--- | r :d :---l :---m | s :---l :---m | 1 :s :---l :---d |
Grande.. A-way Ri-o! A-way Ri-o! Sing

Grande.. A-way Ri-o! A-way Ri-o! Sing

1 :l :l | s :---s | f :---s | f :m :---d | r | m :---f :m | r :s :---d :---l :---

fare you well my bon-nie young girl, For we're bound for the Rio Grande.
fare you well my bon-nie young girl, For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

SHENANDOAH.

Original Version by
REG LOW.

Tune Ukulele.
4 3 2 1
Bb Bb G C

Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHER.

Slow.

KEY E_b

S

d ,d :d :--r

m

.l

:s

.m :--d'

S

d ,d :d :--r

m

.l

:s

.m :--d'

1 Shen-an-doah, I love your daughter; A -
2 Shen-an-doah, I've come to take her, A -
3 Shen-an-doah my boat is ready, A -
4 Shen-an-doah give us your blessing, A -

S

d ,d :d :--r

m

.l

:s

.m :--d'

way you roll-ing riv - er -
way you roll-ing riv - er -
way you roll-ing riv - er -
way you roll-ing riv - er -

Shen-an-doah, so long I've sought her, A -
Shen-an-doah, my bride I'll make her, A -
Sheets are braced all taut and steady, A -
We must sail, for time is press-ing, A -

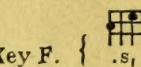
way, we're bound a - way 'Cross the wide Mis - sou - ri.
way, we're bound a - way 'Cross the wide Mis - sou - ri.
way, we're bound a - way 'Cross the wide Mis - sou - ri.
way, we're bound a - way 'Cross the wide Mis - sou - ri.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Words by
ROBERT BURNS.

Moderato.

Key F.



Tune Ukulele
4 3 2 1
G C E A

1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance
2. We twa hae run a -
3. And here's a hand, my
4. And sure - ly ye'll be

1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance
2. We twa hae run a -
3. And here's a hand, my
4. And sure - ly ye'll be

be for-got, And ney - er brought to min'? Should auld ac-quaint-ance
bout the braes, And pud the gow - ans fine; But we've wan - der'd mony a
trust - y frien; And gie's a hand o' thine, And we'll tak' a richt guid
your pint-stoup, And sure - ly I'll be mine, And we'll tak' a cup o'

be for-got, And days o' lang - syn? wea - ry fit, Sin' auld lang - syn. For auld lang syn, my dear, For
wil - lie waught For auld lang - syn. For auld lang - syn, my dear, For
kind - ness yet For auld lang - syn.

auld lang - syn; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang - syn!

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COMRADES

GOOD-BYE-EE

ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND

SILVER THREADS AMONGST THE

GOLD

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

POOR OLD JOE

COMING THRO' THE RYE

GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE

BOYS ARE MARCHING

MEN OF HARLECH

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

COCKLES AND MUSSELS

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE

EYES

WIDDICOMBE FAIR

LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

HARP THAT ONCE

WHEN JOHNNY COMES
MARCHING HOME

COCK ROBIN

COME LANDLORD FILL THE
FLOWING BOWL

TAVERN IN THE TOWN

OH DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE
DEEP

NEARER MY GOD TO THEE

O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL

GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES

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